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## Sent to Heaven.

I had a message to send her,  
To her whom my soul loved best;  
But I had my task to finish,  
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—  
Oh, so far away from here;  
It was vain to speak to my darling,  
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,  
So tender, and true, and sweet;  
I longed for an angel to bear it,  
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening  
On a little white cloud's breast;  
But it faded in golden splendor,  
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,  
And I watched it soar and soar;  
But its pinions grew faint and weary,  
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it;  
And the perfume, sweet and rare,  
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,  
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,  
And I saw the incense rise;  
But its clouds of rolling silver  
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing:  
"Has the earth no angel friend  
Who will carry my love the message  
That my heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,  
So mighty, so pure, so clear,  
That my very sorrow was silent,  
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning  
At last the sure answer stir—  
"The music will go up to heaven,  
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing  
Of mingled voices and strings,  
And I tenderly laid my message  
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,  
In sound more perfect than speech;—  
Farther than sight can follow,—  
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message  
Has passed through the golden gate;  
So my heart is no longer restless,  
And I am content to wait. A. A. P.

## Musical Culture.

### V.

#### CRITICISM.

One of the most powerful agencies for promoting musical culture is criticism. The critic is, or can be the instructor of both the public and the musicians; he acts as a medium between the two, explaining their mutual relationship, the

needs and wants of the former, the character and position of the latter. In short, criticism is an institution indispensable wherever the progress and welfare of arts and artists form the objects of earnest labor. It is, however, not always practiced to promote ends so noble, but often employed as an instrument for carrying out the private designs of unprincipled individuals or whole cliques. The mania for criticizing musical compositions and performances is a characteristic trait of this age. Every one now-a-days is a judge; though he has not the slightest knowledge of the art, and though his nature and occupation are decidedly unmusical. Just enter the shop of a barber, and it will not be long before you arrive at the conclusion that he wields the critical dissecting knife with the same facility as his razor. He will tell you that he has been at the opera last night, and there was a good deal of bad singing; and as he waxes warmer will cut up the vocalists one by one so that nothing good is left of them. If a man has a second cousin who plays the piano, then his title to a professional critic is established beyond all doubt; and we shall not have to wait long before we see him at his post, where, according to his meek or savage nature, he will servilely praise dabblers and masters with equal fervor, or indiscriminately condemn everything that may fall a prey to his pen.

It is quite plain that this trifling with criticism, so common now, must needs tend to weaken its force and lessen its beneficial influence. The result partly is that an able critic, who performs his functions as the disinterested and faithful servant of true art, seldom enjoys the confidence, respect and gratitude, either of the artists or the public, to which his labors entitle him. However pure his motives, however impartial his judgments there will always be persons to whom he appears as the interested champion of a certain party; such persons, namely, as are unable to rise above the (alas!) popular opinion that a man cannot assiduously labor for a good cause without making it the pretext for some hidden design, which ultimately will be revealed in the shape of — dollars. Musicians are, moreover, a peculiar class of people, especially bravura-singers and players; it is not always pleasant to deal with them. Their vanity rises sometimes to a marvellous pitch so that they firmly believe that every tone they produce is worth its ounce of praise, if not of gold; and woe to the critic, who ventures a word on their short-comings! In the first outbreak of anger they will threaten to cut his throat; but being cooled down they content themselves with challenging him to come forward and show that he can do better than they; pretending that no man has a right to pronounce a boot ill-made, unless he is a cobbler himself. Nor can they, in their ignorant or vanity be persuaded that this critic has something better to do than to make such little people an object of persecution; but, that his duty demands, he should warn them, whenever their performances tend to exert a

pernicious influence on the public taste. However, it is but just to add that no one esteems and appreciates an honorable critic more than the genuine musician; he has in him something of the trust, simplicity and affection of a child, and looks upon the former as his instructor and adviser, nay, as his benefactor; for which, indeed, he has sometimes good cause.

With respect to our theme we consider criticism as the third institution. Instruction lays the foundation for musical culture and continues it so far as the age and circumstances of the pupils may allow. Then follow public performances as the college follows the common school, where those desirous of improvement may enlarge their knowledge and perfect their taste by listening to music of a higher order, of more varied forms and styles, and on a larger scale than the instruction could provide; they may also learn how to improve their execution, after the manner of the professors and virtuosi who appear here as the performers. Lastly comes the critic who tells them what was good and what was bad in the pieces performed, their tendency and history, the rank and character of the composers, and so on. He also commends or censures the performers in as much as they succeeded or failed in correctly rendering the works; that is correctly with respect to the designs and intentions of the composer on one side, and the rules and laws of the practical, or executing, art on the other. In short, he seizes every opportunity for imparting useful information; and while he corrects and elevates the taste of the public he holds up to the musician the ideal of pure and true art and encourages them to renewed efforts. The immaculate image of the divine muse is entrusted to his care, and like a faithful watchman his warning voice resounds whenever it is in danger. His is the noble prerogative to stand up for a genius, whom ignorance, false taste, or it may be malignity, have so long refused to recognize; his the equally noble task to keep the reputation of acknowledged masters undefiled and to save their glory from the hands of those misguided critics, to whom nothing is sacred; his also the meritorious, though often disagreeable, work to expose the emptiness and hollowness of the idols which cliques and factions set up for a credulous public to worship. Thus his influence is of the most beneficent kind, while his power seems unlimited.

But his functions do by no means permit him to live and labor continually in the highest spheres of the art; he is frequently called upon to descend some steps lower and employ his influence for objects more tangible or practical. We must remember that the relation of artists and public is like that of two opponents. The former endeavor to obtain as much money, applause and fame from the latter as they possibly can, and sometimes they are unscrupulous enough to attempt obtaining it by cheat. The public, in their turn, demand an equivalent for what they give and often a great deal more; their pretensions some-

times assume singular forms which tend to bewilder the artist, if not to ruin him. Some call for this kind of music, others for that kind; these expect to hear Beethoven, while those wish for Rossini; and thus there is no end of demands one contradicting the other. How useful a medium is here the critic, how easily can he allay the confusion! The impartial friend of both the contending parties he is constituted umpire between them, and his word is law. He is expected to know what the public need and what the musicians can and ought to do. He is solicitous that a good feeling be kept up between the parties, and, therefore, warns the performers when they imprudently commit actions that must necessarily disturb it; when, for instance, by ostentatious advertisements, they entice the public into a concert, where they find themselves sadly disappointed. They do not scruple to promise an orchestra of an hundred performers, though they never numbered more than fifty; they pledge themselves to play a Symphony and coolly leave out one-half of it, or substitute an inferior one for that announced on the programme. And thus we could go on a while mentioning practices alike insulting to art and public. While the critic exposes and thoroughly condemns such frauds he is nevertheless guarding the interests of the musicians in more than one way. With a few words he dispels preconceived notions, unfavorable opinions and prejudices, that might have materially damaged their artistic reputations. As he is the personal friend of the most prominent members of them; as he is always present at their social meetings and partaking of their pleasures, he is initiated into all their secrets and mysteries. He always knows when the singers have got bad colds, or when they have met with those small mishaps, that are of no consequence to an ordinary mortal, but which mercilessly harrow the poor nerves of a prima donna. Why did Signora Pollini sing so execrably, last night? Her intonation was uncertain, her time wavering, no tone clear and pure; what was the cause? Ask the critic; he knows it; he was in the "green room" before the commencement (to which of course he has admittance at any time), where he found Signora very much agitated. He will probably allude to it in his criticism; at all events he will inform the public that her failure last night must be ascribed to circumstances beyond her control; he will not suffer the reputation of an otherwise excellent artist to be injured.

But how should we finish, were we to enumerate all cases by which the practical efficacy of criticism is so clearly demonstrated?

The practical tendency of these articles, (as well as the present state of music in this country), relieves us from the obligation of treating of that kind of criticism in which musical compositions are judged, reviewed, and analyzed apart from performances. This forms a most important department in art journals, musical papers and reviews of the first class. The critic has here perhaps better opportunities than elsewhere for exerting his talents, his power and his influence in respect to musical culture. This branch of criticism can of course assume form and character only where the art of composition flourishes, of which it is the natural consequence. Let us hope that some creative genius may soon arise among us whose efforts will command the admira-

tion of his country, and thus give abundant work to all critics, reviewers and art philosophers that are now or who may arise hereafter. BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Diarist Abroad.

PARIS, Nov. 26, 1860.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

This comes from authority so good, as immediately to gain assent, and yet experience gives one a very different and much more vivid sort of faith in the saying.

The sixth week is passing since I came here and I still wait the "yes" or "no" which is to grant or refuse me permission to examine a mass of papers in one of the Archives, now musty with the lapse of three or four generations. But in these days of Italian Revolutions and Chinese wars, the Minister of Foreign Affairs has other things to think of than the petition of a "Yankee man from America," (John Galt's phrase). But to make a journey from Germany to Paris on the faith of French readiness to aid the cause of Art and literature, and not get a sight of papers a century old is a "sell" on the Yankee man.

Meantime, there are pictures to be seen, new and valuable acquaintances to be made, items to be gathered for "Dwight's Journal," Antiquarian bookstores to be searched, an opera occasionally to hear, "Paris to be learned," and divers other things to be done, to fill up the days and make them seem too short for the work to be done.

Speaking of — well, anything — I called again this morning on Alexander Vattermare, and my respect for the energy of the man and my wonder at his success amid discouragements which would have deterred almost any other man from further labor, were increased. What is the reason that his efforts in the cause of international exchange of books, &c., seem to be so little aided in our country? He told me of instances in which his letters offering valuable collection of books, to Libraries remain unanswered! I never saw a greater enthusiast for our country. Here is a proof of his determination to make us known "to the ends of the earth." He has established a library of American works (400 volumes) in Teheran, in Persia!

Three or four of his rooms are crowded with books in various languages and on all conceivable subjects, in part American works for Europe the rest European and Asiatic works for America. One large pile he designs for Boston, and this brings me to the point for which I have spoken of Vattermare.

Among the collections received from the king of Holland for exchange is a set of publications by the great Musical Society of Amsterdam. I noted several overtures, a mass, a Tantum Ergo, and Te Deum, all in full score, and several of the annual reports. Upon expressing my desire that these works should go to our Public Library in Boston, he said he would add them to the other books for that city with great pleasure, only desiring something musical to send to Amsterdam in return.

Now, can there be any difficulty in making up a package of musical publications, reports of musical societies, reports upon music in schools, volumes of "Dwight's Journal" and the like, to be sent to Vattermare?

The Society at Amsterdam is an association for the "betoordering der Toonkunst" — the

advancement of music," and the works, which I wish to have secured are by musicians of Holland — a field unknown to as in music almost.

Why could not an interchange be effected through Vattermare of the principal musical publications of Boston and Paris? Why could not our publishers find it in the end profitable to give our Library a copy of their publications for this purpose? Could they not often find works in the exchanges, which it would pay to print? It certainly would seem so.

So much for Vattermare, whom the more I see him the more I respect and like him. His patience and continuance in well-doing, in spite of much very shabby treatment, is worthy of all praise.

I have spent many of my hours of forced leisure, in visiting the studios of American painters and students of painting here, and here are some notes upon them.

Cranch — our well-known "C. P. C." — poet and painter — has now nearly or quite finished several pretty large pictures; two are views of the mouth of the grand canal, Venice, (one of which, in particular, has the brilliant glow of the Italian morning sky) and two are water and coast scenes in the bay of Naples. He has also several new studies of trees and forest glades from Fontainebleau. One of the Venetian pieces I am happy to say has been ordered by a gentleman of Boston.

May, of New York, is just completing a large picture with figures of life size, Columbus writing his will. The subject is, I believe, from Lamartine. The hero, a grand figure, sits supported by an attendant at a table, the pen in his fingers upon the blank leaf of a missal, but at this moment he is not writing, for his thoughts are recalling the scenes of his past life, and dwelling upon the ingratitude which veils his last years in sadness. Two other pictures, in progress, and much less in size, are the Murder of Admiral Coligny, and the duel scene in the village inn, from Waverly. Would not he be the man to paint the great scene described by John Adams, "the colossus of American Independence," in his letters to Judge Tudor, viz., the birth of the American Revolution, or James Otis's speech on the "Writs of Assistance," in the old State House, Boston?

Howland, of Adams, Mass., has upon his easel a large picture, "The Prisoners." The subject is the carrying off of several beautiful women, in a boat, by corsairs, of the Mediterranean, and gives the artist free play for his taste in color. He is just now executing an order for a beautiful female head and face, with a black veil thrown over it, for a gentleman of Boston. Among his sketches are a girl listening to a serenade, and two from Faust.

Babcock, of Boston, is busy at present upon a small pictures, in which the brilliancy of color, which attracted so much attention in Boston three years ago is still marked. At that time, great fault, I remember, was found with his drawing; happily he has been paying special attention to this branch of his art, and with great success.

Boughton, of New York, whose studies have been unfortunately interrupted by illness, has a picture of Whittier's Maud Müller under way, but he has occupied himself mostly for some time in drawing from life.

Colman, of New York, is at work upon a view



of Seville, of which his brother artists speak in high terms.

Brigham, of Boston, is hard—nay, too hard—at work studying in the Louvre, and drawing from life. Rubens is his idol, at which I do not wonder. He has several fine sketches and subjects for large pictures at some future time. Indeed he ranks with the best of our young artists. I am very sorry to hear that he expects to return home next year, for he exhibits so much promise, it would be a loss to our public not to have him have opportunity for the best and fullest development of his powers.

Baker, of Pennsylvania, seems to be devoting himself mainly to figure and portrait painting.

Dana, of Boston, has a large picture upon his easel, "Excelsior," the moment chosen is that in which the youth has fallen and is half buried in snow, but still holds the banner upright. The Alpine peaks with the snow are very effective. He says it is not yet finished,—an artist only can tell why. Some New Yorker ought to give him an order for a picture of the Three Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, and very queer chaps they are.

Thom, of New York, is studying with Frère at Ecouen. I am told he exhibits remarkable talent.

Bancroft has just come to Paris for the winter. He is devoting himself to landscape. I have seen none of his works.

Buchanan Read passed through the city some days ago on his way to Rome, after a stay of some months in England. He brought thither a small portrait of Longfellow, which he intended to keep, but the English would have it, and he changed it into gold. He described a beautifully poetic subject, which he is going to work out, but memory has proved treacherous.

Yowell, of Iowa city, I am told, is mostly engaged in filling order for copies of fine pictures, in which he is remarkably successful. His own works are mostly figure pieces.

I do not know whether all our American painters now in Paris are included in this list; it contains all of whom I have any knowledge, except two or three young students, just beginning their career.

Greenough, the sculptor, is very busy, I hear, but I did not see his studio.

A young Valentine, of Richmond, Virginia, is a promising student of sculpture.

And so—finis.

A. W. T.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Thrand.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

(Concluded.)

On that Sunday morning when he wandered over the mountain-range in a new coat, the sun rose bright and clear in a pure blue sky. The mother sat on the threshold under the rough little porch, and followed him with her eyes as far as she could; the father stood at the window, but he went away to lie down, when he heard the mother coming—none of them were to go to church that day. When Aaste had prepared the breakfast, and they sat eating, she spoke it out before Alf, that she really wished to follow him. "Do as thou pleasest," said Alf, and now she dressed in great haste and went. Thrand while on his way, thought that the birds had never sung such manifold songs, and it was likely that he himself would sing along with them. But still the best thing will be to spare one's own strength, he meditated; he had not slept the whole night.

He came to the bridal house, actually without knowing how; he could not eat and placed himself at the head of the procession, as his duty prescribed. But neither the procession, nor the spectacle of the bridal pair, inspired him with the least interest, for the expectation of what he was going to see, almost blinded him to the scenes before him. He went in advance, and it seemed to him, as if bride and bridegroom, old and young people, birds and wood, heaven and sun, more singing with him, if not aloud, yet in their inmost hearts. He did not get tired stepping onward like one intoxicated, who does not feel the ground under his feet, he looked out into the dim distance, far far out and played. Sometimes he felt like being soon in the village, yet there was constantly some turn in or hillock on the road. He comforted himself by thinking that after a while the place would appear all at once before his eyes, for he knew distinctly where it must lie. "Let us only turn round the Kammer, (a rocky hill) then we are right in the village," so he heard some one say behind him. His bow made stronger strokes, the finger pressed more heavily upon the string, and, there the Kammer glided by. He saw a light blue smoke rise up to the horizon, and below it there was glimmering and glittering a lustre and a sparkling which he was not able to discern and divide at first sight. By and by it somehow dissolved, it flew and glided asunder, and shaped itself into distinct objects. He perceived different roads and passages, and there lay a house with so many windows, that he supposed he saw an icy plain on a sunny winter's day. Here lay another one, so large, that his father's house might have been placed under the roofed porch with ease, even with the stable towering on its top. And all around, house by house, yard by yard, one white, the other red, not one had a thatched roof but bright slate-covering, which made one's eyes ache. Fine and light it stood there, the whole village, fine and light the mist hung over it, artificial like his violin, nay more artificial was everything around. The carriages within the yard, the horses which stood by unharnessed, the colored dresses of the people, the dogs, playing at the edge of the wood, the children who stood about gazing on, and over all this—away and off—sounded tones long and strong, in decided rhythm, so that he fancied everything he saw, was moving after this measure.

All at once he remembered his own tone, his own music, but in God's name, what had become of that? Certain it was, that the violin must have burst, for no trace of sound was in it any more. Just now, when I wanted so badly to use it! Thrand cried, in a low voice, turning pale; perhaps he only did not strike strong enough. Therefore he put all his force into the bow. Some little good this did, but the violin must be burst nevertheless; for well he knew how it would sound—and when he thought of that he was very near bursting himself—into tears. Then he looked again straight forward on his way and noticed a house, much larger than all the others and so wondrously beautiful, that it looked like the shadow of a tree, reflected in the water. For a lofty top it had and finer and more slender grew this, the higher it rose up to the skies. Windows were there, as high as the whole house, and as it lay there—surrounded by a wall and pointing upwards—Thrand comprehended all at once, that the sounds he heard came really from above. The whole house itself became music within his thoughts, every part of it must sound and was original song. "That is the church," he thought. An immense crowd of people stood around, they all looked alike and all of them looked cheerful. "They are those, who built the church," he mused, and he did not venture to look upon them out of sheer respect. Then he thought of himself, of what he did here, of the miserable tone the violin had got, just here, where all those stood, who built the church. He was ready to sink deep

into the ground with shame, but onward he must go and even at the head of the procession. That cannot be the right march, thus he comforted himself. Another one resounded under his bow, but gone was all, that it had expressed before—it was only stroke upon stroke and nothing more. "Oh, do not forsake me, thou dear, dear Lord!" the boy prayed—he took refuge in the best and highest he knew. He felt, they looked at him, those "who built the church;" he could not remember anything now—neither the waterfalls nor the woods, nor what they contained—much as he tried to do so. It is well, that neither father nor mother are here, to see my shame, thought Thrand—but to his fright, he now thought he saw his mother in her black dress, in the midst of the crowd, she looked so pale. "Ha, ha, ha!" he heard, it must have been close behind him, for he saw no one laughing. His finger lost the right grasp and the bow was gliding over the board; "now I cannot even catch the right tone," this whirled through his brain, he pressed the violin under his chin, took the bow in his firm grasp again, and with the power of anxiety, he hurled a tune down over the strings, straight forth from his very soul; some dance it was, but he did not know it himself. He went up and down on two strings and on three, he wanted to take the fourth along also; there should be even a fifth and sixth, but he could not reach either of the two. "Hey, now it goes well, don't it?" such laughter he heard, he saw the gipsy sitting on the ball of the spire, making faces at him. "Have you come—you too?" and now he felt as if the violin must go up there, if he could not succeed in playing the gipsy down from his seat. His play changed into clouds, which passed to and fro before his eyes; the point of the spire bent and went up again with the Bohemian, the houses danced, people stood fixed, some elf went up on the rocks—if his fingers would only endure it, if only no knots should get into the strings! But out of the crowd, his mother strove to get up to him. "For Heaven's sake, what is it, you play?" He looked at her and plunged back into the mist—far—far. "Yes, go with me, then! I must help myself as well as I can!" He laughed though he trembled all over. There he stood at the church-door, and without looking at the procession, he turned round all at once, his bow in one hand, the violin in the other, and swift as if flying through the air, he rushed by the people, off, away, on and on without aim, passing farm-yards, fields, trees—as long as his strength lasted—then sank down on the ground and cried bitterly. For a long while he lay so—his face turned downward, stillness reigned all around—and so still it was, he thought he heard the Heaven's rustling. Then he rose and beheld his violin, it lay close by him and said not a word. "Yes, it's yet all thy fault, I know," Thrand said, seizing it: thou shalt go to pieces, because thou mad'st me tremble so. He clutched it in his hand, ready to fling it to the ground with all his force. But then again it seemed to him, that still it encircled all that he had experienced, lived and learned, he remembered again the waterfalls, his father, Jutul the goblin. Thrand wept again. "Yes, yes, it may remain whole, as it is—but these wretched strings I must cut—for playing? no! I never shall dare to play again in this world." He drew forth his knife, hastening as much as he could, as if no time were to be lost, and set it at the "quint." "Woe! quint." "I must pretend not to hear it," thought Thrand, setting his knife at the next string. This one burst likewise, the third also now only the bass was yet left—"the bass is a dear string, thought Thrand, it is hard to get it; I believe, I will leave it on there," said he furthermore, and looked around mysteriously—half bewildered.

When I had read this to my friend, I stopped for a few minutes, but as he did not say anything, I was

obliged to look at him. "Why and what else?" he asked. "How so?" I questioned in reply. "Why, the conclusion!" "The conclusion." "I thought you might have comprehended the boy in a way, to furnish the result yourself. "And did he become an artist?" What I answered I will write down here at my friend's request, if it were only, to do him a service. "He is the same young man who sits by thy side, playing." No power in the world would have brought Thronde back into the wood. He would have liked to attempt playing what he had seen on that day and what he was still seeing, when withdrawing his knife from the bass. He had first set it on, when the gipsy had shown himself upon the ball of the spire, and had tried to draw the violin up to him; it was only a moment, but Thronde was then ready to loose his senses. This playing it was, that shocked and awed, but it lured also, he thought of it, when he cut the three strings through—but he thought of it likewise, when he spared the fourth. He is now no more doubtful whether he will attain it, nay what is more, he knows that he will attain all that, which sang around him, but for which he could not find strings enough. You hear yourself, how daringly and despairingly he plays; he plays on towards that aim. Years have past, years will come and go, and there he still sits and plays. Wonderful things he fancies and ventures on sometimes—but strange, very strange is one piece, in which he wails so, that my eyes overflow; for he thinks he sees the fire flicker on the hearth of his home, while he himself lies out in the wood—and he feels cold, especially on one side. But I ever thought of the day, when Thronde told us his story. How a man, an artist, is growing to be one, can hardly be represented or described; but in some such way, I think, it must be brought on. He certainly has certain dreams from his childhood upward, and a dim instinct which comes over him with the instrument; but one point (perhaps unconscious to him) it must be, from which he catches his passionate love for it, one, at which he suddenly seems to lose all his faculties, just where they rise to life and activity. If there is real worth in him, his object and aim stands all at once before him, so hugely great, that to him his instrument seems burst asunder. Is there real earnestness in him, he plays in such a moment for his life or his reason. If he is a strong sound nature the temptation to hazard another attempt, will be victorious; the allurements hung at last only on one string, but this was a *deep* one. In a moment of rage, Thronde cut the three strings through, without knowing what he did. Sometimes afterwards, when he sat alone, thoroughly forsaken, poor, hungry—he understood, what strings he had been cutting. This is artist's life.

M. B.

(From the New York Saturday Press.)

### Beranger.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, the 19th of August, 1780. His father was a money-broker. Of his mother, the principal fact known is that she placed her son out to nurse in the country. To be sure, from this fact alone it must not be concluded that she was perfectly regardless of him, since such was the fashion in those days; and possibly fashion ruled then over the womanly part of creation as despotically as it does now. It is, however, a noteworthy fact, that the man who, of all the noticeable men of modern times, lived his life in the strictest accordance with the laws of common sense as applied to the needs of his own nature,—who disregarded all the rules and prejudices of society, when they conflicted with the development of his own character in his own way,—should have come from a society which was so artificial, that the possibility of any woman other than a peasant nursing her own children, was considered a discovery, and announced as such by the philosopher Rousseau. Perhaps the fact that the great men of the French Revolution sprang from the artificial society of the eighteenth century, is a proof of the wonderful recuperative and compensatory force there is in nature, and that we could apply with advantage some of its suggestions

to our physical life.

The infantile Béranger certainly flourished under this apparently unnatural arrangement; and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that his foster-mother appears to have been as negligent of her assumed duties as his mother was of her natural ones. This Béranger deduced from the fact that he remembered nothing of his nurse, while all his youthful recollections clustered about the memory of the husband of the woman to whom he was entrusted, and who seems to have assumed all the care of the young poet, and to have conceived so warm a love for his charge, that he refused to take any pay for his trouble. "It would seem to me that I sold him," he said. At the age of five, Béranger was brought home.

His maternal grandfather, a Mr. Champi, who had been a tailor, and exceedingly strict in the discipline of his own children—whence, perhaps, arose his daughter's neglect of her maternal duties in mature life—assumed the entire management of his youthful grandson, and was as indulgent to his childish whims as only a fond grandfather can be. The young Béranger went to school, or not, pretty much as suited his own good pleasure. The principal occupation of his early years was, however, taking walks with his grandfather, and playing in the streets of Paris.

Thus obtaining the education which such advantages afford, the young poet grew to the age of ten, when he was sent into the country, to Péronne, and placed under the care of a sister of his father, who kept an inn, was named Madame Bouvet, and who appears to have been very fond of her nephew, and to have understood him better than any one, and aided him more in the formation of his character. Madame Bouvet was a Liberal, and from her Béranger first heard the liberal sentiments which were then fast leading to the French Revolution. It was also from her that Béranger first received the idea of writing songs. With Madame Bouvet he remained until he was seventeen, when he returned to Paris, and went to live with his grandfather Champi, from whose house he saw the destruction of the Bastille. His father was a Royalist, and firmly convinced that the Bourbons would soon return. In his speculations as a money-broker, he formed all his calculations upon that basis. His son did not agree with him either in politics or in his business operations; but still there was no direct controversy between them.

The elder Béranger was so decided in his politics, that he was finally arrested as a Royalist. This of course ruined his financial operations, and left his son dependent upon his own exertions, and without any means. The loss of money did not disturb Béranger at all. He had so few artificial needs, that it required but little to gratify them. He commenced to write, and was employed by Landon to prepare the text for several volumes of the "Annales du Musée."

In 1810, through the assistance of a friend, he obtained an office in the University of Paris. From this time up to 1813, the date of the *Roi d'Yvetot*, the song from which his reputation began, Béranger was constantly at work, and probably wrote much, though nothing is known of what he then produced. Chateaubriand says Béranger told him that inspired by the "Genius of Christianity," he had commenced to write Christian Idylls. It was from the fact that Chateaubriand's works had roused Béranger's ambition, that Béranger always had a warm appreciation and friendship for Chateaubriand. Béranger himself said that in his early youth he had tried all sorts of composition, tragedies, dramas, odes, etc., but was satisfied with his success in none of these. The *Roi d'Yvetot* made a great success, and Béranger felt sure that he had discovered his speciality, and yet the first volume of songs was not published until 1815, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The volume had a great success. Under the form of light verses the early songs in the collection concealed the bitterest satires against the increasing tyranny of the Emperor, and expressed the popular feeling of the French people, who had not yet forgotten that they had achieved their own freedom. But when Napoleon was unsuccessful, and the allies brought in the Bourbons, Béranger's enthusiastic love for the greatness of the fallen hero, his distrust of all kings and contempt for all authority which relies upon the brute arguments of strength and arms for its support, his passion for liberty, and his sympathy with the national love of independence and of the glory of France, which felt humiliated and insulted by the presence of a king thrust upon them by foreign invaders, expressed themselves in such terms that no wonder the people eagerly welcomed him as the exponent of their sentiments, and the rulers in an equal degree hated and feared him. He was not, however, molested. The government, desirous of gaining the confidence of the people, did not dare to trouble their singer.

In 1821 he had a second volume prepared for publication, and was warned by the Ministry that if he issued it he would be removed from his place in the University. Undaunted by this mean threat, Béranger sent in his resignation to the government, and sent out his volume to the public. This course of action was against the advice of all his friends, many of whom broke off with him. "The people will be with me, and my friends will come back again," he said, and the result showed that he was right. The Government however prosecuted him as a dangerous person, and an utterer of seditious sentiments. The court-room in which the trial was held was crowded with the prisoner's friends, but the trial went against him, and Béranger was sentenced to spend four months in the prison of Sainte Pélagie. During these four months of confinement Béranger was visited by crowds of enthusiastic admirers, nor did his muse desert him. The songs he composed were committed to memory by his visitors, and by means of copies, either in manuscript or secretly printed, spread rapidly.

In 1828 Béranger published a third volume, and in December of the same year was again tried as a dangerous and seditious person, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the prison of La Force, and to a fine which, with the expenses of the suit, amounted to over eleven thousand francs, say twenty-three hundred dollars. His friends wished him to flee, and it was shown him that he would be allowed to reach Switzerland. But Béranger preferred to go to prison. The fine was paid by his friend Berand, before the public subscription which had been opened for that purpose was completed. During the time he spent in La Force, Béranger interested himself in the condition of the prisoners who were detained there, and succeeded in having their comfort greatly increased, and some attention paid to their needs as human beings. In this work he was more interested since a large portion of them were boys, the orphans and vagrants of Paris, who had been arrested for vagrancy and the small crimes consequent to such a condition in a civilized and rich city.

In 1830 came the constitutional monarchy, which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne. The leaders of the movement wished Béranger to accept some of the spoils of victory, and pressed office upon him. He persistently refused all such offers, giving as his reason, that he should never be anybody unless he remained nobody.

In 1833, Béranger published his fourth volume, and in 1834 made an arrangement with his publisher Perrotin, by which he was to receive for the right of publishing the songs he had already written, and those he should hereafter write, an annuity of eight hundred francs, which should revert to his friend and companion, Judith Frère. This annuity Perrotin afterwards increased to three thousand francs; and notwithstanding this generosity and the lavish expense he incurred in getting up the various illustrated editions of Béranger's songs, he made the greater part of his fortune from this contract. In 1847, Béranger added a few songs to the illustrated edition published by Perrotin, that year. These, with the posthumous songs published after his death in 1857, form the whole of his works.

We must accept his success as a song-writer, from the fact of his immense popularity. The charm and grace of the French song is too subtle to stand the rude test of translation. The terseness of their style, the condensation of their thought and expression, their suggestions and their humors are the qualities which made Béranger's songs popular alike among the educated and the illiterate classes. It is only the works which appeal to the broad facts of human nature that underlie all the distinctions of rank or convention, which men are so foolishly prone to institute among themselves, that obtain so wide spread a recognition and become the classics of a nation's literature. The value of Béranger's life to the world, certainly to this portion of it, is however rather to be found in the life he lived as a man than in his merits as an author. The common sense which he made the rule of his life, the self-reliance which he always displayed, the distrust of those in authority, the self-respect which led him to place not his trust in princes, the faith which he evinced in mankind, the honesty, the charity, the kindly feeling for those who were truthful and the contempt he displayed for all charlatans, whatever might be their social position, these qualities it is which makes his character and his life a fit study for the world.

Perhaps these qualities can better be shown by quoting his own words than in any other way. The following extracts of his conversation are taken from his Memoirs, written by Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker, a poet, a pupil, a friend, a companion, and a biographer of Béranger.

Speaking of a literary life, Béranger says: "Keep



ver - more, for e - ver - more, from hence-forth and for

hence - forth and e - - - - ver - more, Prais'd be the

Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from hence-forth and for e - - -

Prais'd be the Lord, the

e - - - - ver - more, Prais'd be the Lord, the

Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from hence-forth and for e - - -

ver - more, Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra -

God of Is - ra - el, from hence-forth and for e - - - ver -

God, the God of Is - ra - el, Prais'd be the

- ver - more, Prais'd be the

- el, the God of Is - ra - el, Prais'd be the

- more, the God of Is - ra - el, Prais'd be the

*piu f*

Lord, ver - more, for ver - more, ver - more, Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from

e - - - ver-more, Prais'd be the  
 hence-forth and for e - - - ver-more, Prais'd be the  
 hence-forth and for e - - - ver-more, Prais'd be the  
 hence-forth and for e - - - ver-more, Prais'd be the

Lord, the God of Is-ra-el, for e - - - ver-  
 Lord, the God of Is-ra-el, from hence-forth and for e - ver-  
 Lord, the God of Is-ra-el, from hence-forth and for e - ver-  
 Lord, the God of Is-ra-el, from hence-forth and for e - ver-

more, for e - - ver-more, from hence-forth now and  
 more, for e - - ver-more, from hence-forth now and  
 - more, for e - - ver-more, from hence-forth now and  
 - more, for e - - ver-more, from hence-forth now and

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "e - - - ver - more, from hence - forth now and". The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a single bass line in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The lyrics continue: "e - - - ver - more, from hence - - - forth and for" (Soprano), "e - - - ver - more, from hence - forth now and" (Alto), "e - - - ver - more, from hence - forth now and" (Tenor), and "e - - - ver - more, from hence - forth now and" (Bass). The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in measure 6.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The lyrics are: "e - ver - more, for e - - - ver - - - more." (Soprano), "e - ver - more, for e - - - ver - - - more." (Alto), "e - ver - more, for e - - - ver - - - more." (Tenor), and "e - ver - more, for e - - - ver - - - more." (Bass). The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures. The system concludes with the word "FINIS." in the piano part.



yourself clear of the lower class of literary men, and all hack writers by profession."

Of the comparative merits and lasting interest of the various branches of literary composition, he says: "We commence with Lamartine, then we go to Hugo, sometimes to Delavigne, who does not always respond to our thoughts—and then having rounded the circle, we come back to the song-writer."

Advising Lapointe upon the necessity of trusting rather to severe and long-continued work than to what is called inspiration for the production of works of real merit, he says: "I do not wish just now to criticize you too much, I would be afraid of making you timid by so doing. You should preserve your originality, your boldness, only you must strive to find the right word. You must come to see me, I will lend you a book of synonyms. I myself have worked all my life with dictionaries, and have not yet ceased to consult them. As for the dictionaries of rhymes, that is a different matter, though they are sometimes of use."

Lapointe had called upon Victor Hugo, and told Beranger of his visit, and of the advice Hugo had given him to read a great deal of poetry. "I think differently," said Beranger. "A man should read a great deal of poetry while he is seeking the form in which to express himself. You have found your's, set about perfecting it. Read history; events are the fathers of poetry and of ideas; put the knowledge of events in your head and leave the poets alone."

When Lapointe called upon Victor Hugo he found Henri Heine there. Hugo opened the door himself, and showed Lapointe into a richly furnished room, welcoming him with the sentiment, "Enter sir, enter; poets are kings." At hearing this, Beranger shrugged his shoulders and asked, "What did you answer?"

"Nothing," I bowed again, and was silent and embarrassed."

"In your place I would have said, I came sir to measure you for a pair of boots."

This freedom from parade, this common sense, this self-respect which made Beranger too honest ever to play a part, or to assume a position which he knew he could not fill, while it characterized his life as a song-writer, and was condensed by him into the saying "facts are poetry," was almost the most noticeable fact in his public life. When his friends opposed the publication of his second volume, one of them offered him a much larger sum of money than Beranger hoped to gain from the volume, if he would refrain from issuing it. This offer Beranger refused. Lafitte, the banker, offered him a situation; but Lafitte was his friend, and Beranger would not be indebted to any of his friends. "It is," he said, "because I know how strong an influence gratitude has over me, that I am afraid to contract such an obligation even towards those whom I most esteem." His friend Manuel left him a large bequest; but Beranger felt that he was amply provided for by Perrotin's annuity, and refused to take anything but a watch, which should serve him as a memento.

After the Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the Assemblée Constituante, by over two hundred thousand votes, and wrote to the Assembly declining his seat. The Assembly voted unanimously not to accept his resignation. In his letter acknowledging this compliment, Beranger again declined the honor, and requested to be allowed to live as a private citizen. "This," he wrote, "is not the wish of a philosopher, still less of a sage,—it is the wish of a rhymist who fears that he would not survive it, in the midst of the turmoil of events, he should lose his independence of soul, the only possession for which he has ever been ambitious. For the first time I ask a favor of my country: let not its worthy representatives refuse the prayer which I address to them in again requesting my dismission; but let them pardon the weakness of an old man, who cannot hide from himself the honor he forgoes in separating himself from them." This second resignation was accepted.

Perrotin, who became quite rich, often wished the poet to leave his simple and unpretending home, and come to live in his country-seat; this invitation Beranger would never accept. "I should feel like an exile in so grand a house," he said, "and my poor friends would not know how to find me."

In 1855 Napoleon III. hearing that Beranger was poor, proposed to give him a pension, and knowing how impossible it was to make Beranger accept any favors, the offer was made through the Empress Eugénie. This offer Beranger also refused to accept, though such an evidence of respect touched him to the heart, and made it difficult for him to adhere to his determination never to put himself under any obligation. "People do not know how much courage it requires to refuse," he said.

Beranger's political opinions may be stated condensely, as a faith in the people, in their ultimate de-

cision upon any question, in their honesty and in the future of the democratic principles of the age, which would, strangely enough, appear visionary and absurd in this republican country. He was no reformer, had no desire to coerce men into freedom, his belief was in leaving them to work out their own destiny. His position in politics was therefore always in the opposition, since it is always safer to distrust the governors than the governed. The first require to be corrected by opposition in their errors, the last correct themselves, since they are the first to suffer from the evil effects of their mistakes. It was this principle which governed his course toward the great Napoleon. "My enthusiastic and constant admiration," he says, "for the Emperor's genius, the idolatry which he inspired in the people who always saw in him the representative of the victorious ideas of equality; that admiration and idolatry which eventually made Napoleon the noblest subject of my songs, never blinded me to the constantly increasing despotism of the Empire. In 1814 I saw in the fall of the Colossus, only the misfortune of a country which the Republic had taught me to adore."

It was the need he felt of always preserving his independence, so that he could express his opinions without any fear of praise or blame, that made him refuse so persistently all office, whether offered him by a ruler or by the voice of the people.

And certainly in this Democratic age few persons have so ennobled the proud position of a private citizen as Pierre Jean Beranger. In this independence of character, this love of personal freedom, this disgust at all cheap notoriety, and contempt for all the modern appliances by which it is gained, this quiet and unobtrusive firmness in maintaining the privacy of his private life, and asserting his right to live as best suited his conviction of his own needs, that Beranger has set an example to the noisy vulgarity of our modern life which cannot be too highly commended.

The life so passed came to a close the sixteenth of July, 1857. His old friend and companion, Judith Frère, had passed away on the ninth of April, in the same year. Beranger had promised her that he should not outlive her more than three months. He was then suffering from the disease of the liver, and the bleeding at the lungs, which caused his death. He died upon his sofa, supported in the arms of Madame Vernet, the wife of Vernet, the painter, and in the presence of some of his most intimate friends. His sister, a nun, had brought a priest to be present at the last moment, and offer those consolations of religion which are needless in such extremities if the life of the subject has been governed by higher aims and a nobler faith than are common among men. Beranger felt that his life had been so lived, that he needed no hasty preparation for death, and therefore quietly dismissed his sister and her priest. He was not more afraid to die than he had been to live, for death to him was not more solemn and mysterious than life. So calmly did the final moment come, that his friends who were in the room hardly knew that his life had ceased.

Though he had requested that his funeral should be as quiet and unostentatious as possible, the population of Paris came out in crowds to pay their last respects to him. His body was placed in the tomb of his friend Manuel, at the side of Judith Frère.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

New York, November, 1860.

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 15.—The last week or so, has given Philadelphians quite an abundance of music. The Italian Opera Company have been singing here, and have presented us with two novelties, "Il Giuramento" and "Mosè en Egitto." The former opera has not been played here since the days of Truffi and Benedetti, and has given much pleasure to the habitués of the Academy. The principal artists acquitted themselves admirably in their respective rôles, COLSON and FERRI having particularly distinguished themselves. SUSINI has been suffering from chronic bronchitis, which has made him so very hoarse, that it is painful to listen to him. It is to be hoped that we shall have some more of the compositions of Mercadante; Elisa e Claudio would amply repay any management bringing it out. Rossini's Mosè was played but twice, and it must be said, that to the public at large, it failed to give the satisfaction the artists had expected.

The chorus was not good, and the concerted music, upon which everything in this opera depends was not as well rendered as it should have been. We regret to say that with one or two exceptions only, the houses were smaller, than we have ever seen. The troupe have joined their forces and now manage for themselves. If their loss here should give them a hint to be less exacting as regards terms with operatic managers in future; it will do no harm. Colson has been contending against "fire and sword" as the other evening she set fire to her dress from a lamp from which the alcohol burned over the side and dropped on her. With great presence of mind she crushed it out immediately, escaping with a burnt hand. A few evenings later, she fell on the dagger in the stabbing scene of "Il Giuramento," and injured her arm quite badly. On Friday evening the Maennerchor Society celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary at Samson Street Hall. The proceedings commenced with a concert, the following was the programme:

1. Festgesang.....Mendelssohn  
(Solo, quartets, orchestra and chorus.)
2. Polonaise, (E flat), piano.....Chopin  
Mr. Charles Jarvis.
3. Evening Hymn.....C. Zöllner  
Maennerchor.
4. Trio (D), piano, violin and cello.....Reisiger  
Messrs. C. Jarvis, S. Hassler and C. Schmitz.
5. A Criminal Case. Comic operetta in one act, arranged by  
A. Birgfeld, Director of the Maennerchor.

The concert passed off very agreeably, and the operetta gave much amusement to the audience. At the conclusion of the concert the guests proceeded to the supper room, where a delightful repast awaited them, to which full justice was done. Speeches were made by a number of persons, among whom were Hon. Wm. B. Mann, Adolph Birgfeld, the pleasant director of the Society, the first President, &c. After supper, young and old went into the ball room, and dancing was kept up until an early hour of the morning. Everybody went away delighted. The Maennerchor Society have held weekly meetings, and have done much toward the cultivation of musical taste in our city. We have in pleasant prospect for next week, WOLFSOHN AND THOMAS' second Classical Soiree, and on Christmas night the Handel and Haydn Society bring out the "Messiah" for which they are making extraordinary preparations.  
IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

## Wright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 22, 1860.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

#### THIRD CONCERT.

1. Tenth Quartette, in E flat, op. 74.....Beethoven  
Introduction, Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Presto—Finale,  
Tema con variazioni.
2. Abend Standchen.....C. Kreutzer  
Vocal Quartette.
3. Piano Trio, in D minor, op. 49.....Mendelssohn  
Allegro agitato—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro.  
(Repeated by request.)  
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
4. Andantino and Scherzo, from the 34th Quintette....Onslow
5. "Komm Stiller Abend Nieder".....L. DeCall  
Vocal Quartette.
6. Quintette, in D No. 4.....Mozart  
Introduction and Allegro—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro vivace.

We were offered, as will be seen from the programme, three capital pieces by the trio of tone-poets, who are sure to delight and inspire an audience that loves good music.

The Quartette in E flat by Beethoven grew upon us, as we expected it would. We have hardly to add anything to the remarks made after the first performance of it. The impressions received then were strengthened on hearing it

again. It leaves a feeling of pleasure behind, like that of beholding a strong man of a cast of mind rather serious, indulging in genial fancies, unbending from his more earnest work, and showing the marks of satisfaction in his lit-up countenance. Quiet in the first movements, the latent force breaks forth a little more distinctly in the Scherzo. The graceful second theme, as if dallying with grief that has been overcome, forms a fine contrast to the impetuous beginning. And the still more impetuous Prestissimo again sets off the first two parts to great advantage. The last movement closes strong and brilliant. The Club did well by their audience in repeating the piece, and deserved all the applause they received for their good rendering of it. Mr. LANG did himself a great deal of credit by playing his part of the Piano Trio by Mendelssohn, as well as he did. The first, third and fourth movements were especially good. He played with taste and feeling, and many passages were exquisite. Mr. Lang gave us much pleasure by his appropriate rendering of all light and humorous places, which were played with much grace and ease. His accentuation and phrasing showed that he had carefully studied his work. And it is our conviction, that Mr. Lang need only follow his impulses, and in slow movements his expression will be still nearer to the very best in musical elocution. The fine grand of Messrs. Chickering assisted Mr. Lang very well, and we think he treated his instrument with taste and understanding. Mr. Lang does honor to America, and Boston especially, and we were glad of the very favorable remarks, his playing elicited from the very greatest of living pianists, Dr. Liszt, as we happen to know from a trustworthy source.

The Quintette by Mozart was a most pleasant close to the concert. Mozart is ever beautiful. The introduction in a similar character to that of the Beethoven Quatuor, prefaced a charming Allegro, of a good deal of mirth and humor, and grace withal. The Coda repeating the introduction and the first melody is almost surprising in its abrupt close. The Adagio, a charming quiet melody of great beauty went very well. The Minuetto full of kindly pleasant feeling has a Trio full of sparkling, gladsome joy. This in a still higher degree takes possession of the Finale, which sweeps along gloriously in its first melody. The second one is finely worked up in a short counterpoint, exhibiting an exciting contest between the different parts, until they unite again in the first melody with which the piece closes. The playing was generally well done; only in the first viola an absence of broad tone and treatment was noticeable, which sometimes disturbed the ensemble of the other instruments. Mr. SCHULTZE was especially happy in bringing out the humorous element pervading the work.

The two movements from Onslow's 34th (!) Quintette sounded rather tame, pleasant as they are. Such music is quite comfortable, it does not excite. Though we wish by no means to undervalue Onslow, who has the great merit of cultivating a pure style, and forming it after the best models, we would yet ask how that second theme got into a "Scherzo?" It is quite pleasing, and the staccato melody in the violoncello impresses one as something original. But what, we ask, has it to do with a Scherzo?

The songs by the new organization, the OR-

PHUS QUARTETTE CLUB, including the principal soloists of the Orpheus Musical Association, were sung quite well as these gentlemen are accustomed to do; the first one better in the repetition, which the gentlemen kindly assented to, when encoored. But why select a piece like the second, belonging, as it does, to a superannuated, we had hoped, extinct race of beings in the four-part song creation. Such fossil remains did very well some thirty or forty years ago; but now, when we have a new generation of songs—we will not quote names, merely refer to programmes of Orpheus concerts—why reach back, to bring to light again a piece—of historical value, showing how a text ought not to be composed? Should the gentlemen favor us again at some future time, we would most earnestly urge upon them the expediency of singing a live song, fully developed and organized after the fashion of these later days.

The concert left a very pleasant impression on us. Such sterling pieces as the three, numbers 1, 3 and 6, make any concert agreeable and worthy. A suggestion may be ventured as to the fitness of repeating the parts of compositions in the manner the composer directed it. When Mozart thinks it best to have a part repeated, he is the best judge, we take it. If by doing so the concert would last longer than is desirable for those that live at a distance, it seems to be the best plan to leave out a piece of less importance; we mean, not put it on the programme at all. On the other side of the Atlantic such chamber-concerts frequently consist of two quatuors and one trio, or of a quintette and two quartettes. If we must have "a variety" on this side, to make a chamber-concert attractive, do not let us have it at the expense of a work of standard value.

The hall was crowded. Good and effective ventilation is still a desideratum however. The room grows too warm, and the carbonic acid set free by a large audience is not the best material to keep air sweet and wholesome. When will architects begin to study ventilation? It is a good number of years since Dr. Bell wrote a most thorough treatise on this indispensable requisite of domestic architecture and—what is more—proved the truth of his theory in practice. Is it so far to Somerville—or did architects never hear any thing of the subject?

We are glad to see that the labors of the Club, working in the right direction now for twelve years, are rewarded by a goodly attendance. The next concert will take place on the first day of next year, and we hope the Club will continue to give us fine programmes, and to prosper generally in the year incoming, beginning it as well as they closed this. \*†

#### The Concert Season in Boston.

Our notices of the concerts that have taken place up to this time, show a record of crowded houses, and that too, to concerts of the very highest class, not only in the character of the programme, but in the price of admission. We refer to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and of Mr. Dresel. We are glad for the sake of these artists, who have been unwearied for years, in providing the best for their audiences that their success has been so great. But it is not easy to understand why the offers of the Philharmonic Society addressed to a much larger

public, at a very low price, and of the Handel and Haydn Society, should have failed so entirely of any response. Both of these societies have promised the public entertainments of the highest order in their respective departments, and promises too (not like those of opera managers) which the public knew would be faithfully performed; one waited for the public to come forward and sign its subscription lists; the other solicited the public by individual appeals, but both alike have failed of success. We cannot but regret deeply that we are this winter to be destitute of the admirable choral performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orchestral Concerts to which for so many years we have been accustomed, but such we understand to be the result of the efforts that have been made to secure remunerative audiences. The theatres meanwhile are well filled every night, and other places of amusement are not without audiences. We trust that another season will tell a different story.

We are glad however that the Handel and Haydn Society is, as usual, to give the MESSIAH on Sunday, the 30th, with the aid, we understand of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS and other able assistance.

CHRISTMAS is coming apace, and those who are in search of the tokens of love and friendship so commonly interchanged at this time, we would recommend to look, (if they are musically disposed,) at the numerous volumes on the counters of our publishers, the classic treasures of the divine Art, of immortal worth, joys forever. We mean such books as the Sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, the Songs without Words of Mendelssohn, the Oratorios of Handel and of Haydn, the operas of Mozart and Rossini and Donizetti, and a host of other works which we see there, in compact and beautiful form outwardly, while within they are filled with the choicest inspirations of genius that the world has known.

For very young singers we have (from A. Williams & Co.,) the time honored catch, "The Three Blind Mice," illustrated, with the music, printed on cloth, washable and indestructible, and published by Dean & Son, London.

#### Jamaica Plain.

It was our privilege to be present at a soirée given by Mr. O. DRESEL, on Wednesday last, at Jamaica Plain. The hospitable mansion of a family living at the beautiful pond and known for their great love of the best music, was thrown open to an appreciative audience, some of whom had come quite a distance to hear Mr. Dresel. He played two sonatas by Beethoven, the one in C major, op. 2, No. 3, dedicated to father Haydn, and the A flat sonata, op. 26, with the theme and variations for its first and the funeral march for its second movement. He also played the Romanza by Schumann, which was admired so much at the second soirée in this city, and Etudes, Valses, Polonaises and Mazurkas by Chopin. The entertainment being of a private character, we can merely chronicle it. But we may say that the audience, mainly composed of persons of musical culture, highly appreciated the selection and were enraptured by the rendering of the pieces. Two songs, one from Fidelio, the other from Don Juan, were sung by a German gentleman, connected with the management of one of the largest firms in Boston, to the no small enjoyment of the audience.

The dwellers in that charming locality seem to be in high favor with Mr. Dresel, to have two sonatas by Beethoven on the same evening. We might



almost grow envious of them, if we had not been present ourselves. As it was, the audience were highly gratified by the noble entertainment, and it was altogether a very pleasant evening, with a home-like charm about it, that made it seem rather hard to leave as early as the last car compelled us to.

The poem on our first page should have been credited to the "Cornhill Magazine" for November.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The interior decorations of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which are now nearly completed, are on an entirely novel principle, as respects similar places of amusement. All the traditional scroll-work, gilding, emblematic figures, composition caryatides, papier maché ornaments, and flamboyant trumpery, which time out of mind have been used in the ornamentation of theatres, ball-rooms, and opera houses, have been discarded, and the plainest and most matter-of-fact carpenters' work substituted in their place. The painting is of a corresponding simplicity, being nothing more than a crimson ground, picked out with two shades of salmon color, and what is the most surprising about it is that the effect is extremely agreeable and refined. It looks like a place intended for rational amusement and not a gilded pandemonium, where the chief objects aimed at are to bewilder the imagination and weary the eye. The small concert room attached to the Academy is ornamented in a style of corresponding simplicity and good taste. One of the advantages of this style is that the mind is put at rest immediately by discovering the actual strength and solidity of the structure, as every beam, pillar, and apparent support is exactly what it pretends to be, and not a hollow sham. The Brooklyn Opera House is a novelty, both externally and internally; and though no one could imagine from its appearance for what purpose it was designed, we believe it will be pronounced one of the best adapted buildings of the kind in America. Not the least admirable feature of it is its roof. It is so rare to find a building in New York with a becoming roof to it, that it will be a comfort to any one with an eye for architectural proportions to look upon this very remarkable building.—N. Y. Tribune.

CHICAGO.—The Philharmonic Society has organized under Mr. Balatka, formerly of Milwaukee. We learn that their subscription list numbers thirteen hundred. A contrast to the list of our Boston Philharmonic. Here is the programme of their first concert:

#### PART I.

1. Overture—"Max Robespierre,".....Litolff
  2. Romance for Tenor.—With accompaniment of Violoncello and Piano.....Tiehsen  
Mr. Louis Mauss.
  3. Grand Concerto in E. op. 11.....Chopin  
For Piano, with Accompaniment of Orchestra. Larghetto, Vivace.  
Performed by Mr. Paul Becker.
  4. Terzetto and Chorus—from "Elijah".....Meudelssohn
- #### PART II.
1. Introduction and Chorus—from the Third Act of "Lo-hengrin".....Wagner
  2. Allegro Scherzando—from the Eighth Symphony.....Beethoven
  3. Aria for Soprano—from "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti  
Miss Anna Fessel.
  4. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

THE MUSICAL UNION, at their annual meeting, elected Dr. L. D. Boone, President, C. M. Cady, Vice President, and Geo. F. Root, Conductor. Mr. Root intends taking a permanent residence here, he having an interest in the flourishing music-furnishing establishment of Root & Cady, heretofore E. T. Root only having been associated with Mr. Cady in the business.

By this accession they doubtless have become so firmly rooted that no wind of rivalry can upturn them.

## Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—At the Victoria Theatre Verdi's *Traviata* has been given for the first time, Madame de Lagrange making her debut in the part of Violetta, and displaying a prodigious facility of execution joined to acting full of energy, she produced an extraordinary impression. It is pleasant to read the accounts of the appearance of singers so familiar to us, who came here without European reputation, but become famous in this country, without that prestige, such as Tedesco, Mad. de Lagrange and the veteran Badiali, and to see how the verdict given here in their favor is affirmed by the judgment of cultivated European audiences.

Mlle. Trebelli, the new contralto, has not accepted the engagement offered her at the opera in Berlin.

ROME.—A new opera by Pacini, *Gianni di Nisida*, has been brought out here, with great success, Bettini taking the principal tenor part.

FLORENCE, Nov. 19.—Amid all the martial stir, and the shock and excitement of revolution, Italy does not lose her love of music, or neglect to seek the means for gratifying it. It would be strange indeed when such an admirable political harmony has begun to exist and a generous and wise patriotic union is growing up, that there should not still be heard on every side the old concord of musical sounds. Here, in Florence, we have been having a musical season of six weeks. Opera has been given at three theatres of as many different grades, from the more exclusive *Pergola*, down to the popular *Nazionale*. *Il Profeta* has had a run of about three weeks at the former theatre, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, at the latter. Bellini's opera of *Norma* has been put upon the stage at the *Pergola* during the past week, with the Frenchwoman Masson for *prima donna*, whose success in her part, both as singer and actress, is well spoken of. So far as the public is concerned, the opera is tolerably well sustained, notwithstanding the absence of so many of its former supporters. To the managers, however, it can hardly prove a profitable enterprise.

Last night the Philharmonic Society gave a concert or *accademia*, as they call it, for the gratification of about four hundred invited listeners. This society, as is well known, is the high court of musical art in Florence, and the repertory of the productions which it brings out, is generally of a very superior character. Both the society and its audience is composed of those most skilled in, and the best judges of art and the reunions have always a somewhat elegant and fashionable character. Like a ball, the concert commences at about nine at night. The present entertainment was more interesting than usual to us Americans, because to one of our countrywomen of talent was assigned a conspicuous part. Miss Abby Fay, of Boston, sang to the satisfaction of all her friends, and with much applause, from the general Italian audience, the very sweet cavatina, "Come per me sereno," from Bellini's opera of *La Sonnambula*. I have heard but one expression, that of warm praise of the excellent manner in which the part was performed, both as to the bearing of the singer upon the stage and the musical execution. Among much that was good in the eleven pieces executed at the concert Miss Fay's performance was acknowledged to be among the best. From Italians I learn that this singer has already acquired a very high degree of artistic culture, and only needs the inspiration of passion with somewhat more of technical discipline, to insure professional success.—Cor. of the Transcript.

In the great singing festival held at Liege on the

30th of October, more than 2,000 voices—French Belgians, Germans—took part. The first prize was carried off by the Concordia Society of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A Festival Cantata for the arrival of the new king of Italy, in Naples, has been prepared by Maestro Pistilli.

Signora Floretti, a *prima donna* who made a favorable impression at the Theatre San Carlo, Naples, a couple of years ago, has been transplanted to St. Petersburg, where she is said to have satisfied that critical public in "I Puritani."

M. Chelard's opera, "Macbeth," has been successfully revived at Vienna.

### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—One line may chronicle the doings of the English Opera during the two weeks past. The success of *Robin Hood* continues unabated. It will take three lines, however, to chronicle the doings of the Italian Opera in the same space of time, although nothing absolutely new has been adventured. The week before last *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huquenots* were given on alternate nights with *Robin Hood*; but the success of Verdi, Mozart, and Meyerbeer has in no way lessened the attraction of Mr. Macfarren. English dramatic music is at present decidedly in the ascendant. The prospects of "National Opera" never looked so flourishing. The success of *Robin Hood* is a warrant for that. There is just now no hint about what is to succeed Mr. Macfarren's opera. Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, we hear, is not yet ready, and should a new work be required at this side of Christmas, Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* has, we believe, the best chance. The first operatic essay of the composer of *Fridolin*, and some of the most popular songs of the day, will be looked forward to with interest.

At the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA Loder's *Night Dancers* was revived.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The third season was inaugurated on Monday, Nov. 12, most propitiously. The programme was agreeable and interesting from end to end, the performers, all of the first class, playing and singing their very best, and the audience that crowded St. James's Hall as able to appreciate as eager to applaud. Three great composers, who, though they have fulfilled very different missions in art, have each in a remarkable degree contributed to its progress, and, moreover, possess a something (almost, it may be, undefinable) in common—Spohr, Dussek, and Weber—were drawn upon for the selection, vocal and instrumental; and certainly, belonging as they all do, more or less, to the "romantic" (in the deep-felt, earnest signification of the term) and, at intervals, *quasi* "melancholy" school, their united efforts resulted in as cheerful and brilliant a musical entertainment as, perhaps, was ever provided. Here and there a bit of "sentiment," it is true, peeped out; but it came like a stray sunbeam on a bracing winter-day, and the contrast only helped to endow the predominating vigor of the rest with the additional life and charm. We subjoin the programme:

#### PART I.

- Quartet, in G minor (strings).....Spohr.  
Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Azore e Ceira).....Spohr.  
Canzonet, "Name the glad day".....Dussek.  
Sonata, in C major, Op. 24, Pianoforte solus.....Weber.

#### PART II.

- Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69 (pianoforte and violin).....Dussek.  
Song, "Restore those visions bright".....Spohr.  
Song, "Glocklein im Thale" (Euryanthe).....Weber.  
Quartet, in B flat (pianoforte and strings).....Weber.  
Conductor—Mr. Bennett.

### Paris.

Nov. 7.—The Italian Opera is now in the full swing of the season, and latterly there has been a complete run upon Rossini. *Il Barbiere* with Mad. Alboni, and MM. Badiali, Zucchini, Gardoni and Angelini, and *Cenerentola* have awakened all the early and bright memories of old opera-goers. Badiali's Figaro, though not so fresh and youthful as might be desired, is admirable in style, and Gardoni's Almaviva exhibits both talent and grace. The Rosina of Alboni, however, is matchless. In the singing lesson, she has gone back to Rode's air again instead of the piece by Hummel, which she had latterly substituted for it, and all who heard her had reason to be thankful for the change. But with so lovely a voice it matters but little what she sings. The most common place strains are converted into strings of pearls as they issue from that enchanted larynx. Alboni's



reception in Rosina was a succession of encores and calls before the curtain. *Cenerentola* was not quite so warmly received. It is difficult to say why, for it is masterpiece of the buffo style, and proceeds throughout with unflagging spirit. The finale of the first act and the sextuor, *Questo nodo* are pieces, which once heard, engrave themselves forever on the memory. Alboni was, of course, the principal figure in these as in the first-named opera. Her final rondo was electrical in its effect, and the last variation was called, or rather shouted, for, unanimously. Gardoni and Zucchini were well up to the mark, and Badiali's Dandini was of the good old stamp, and showed that this artist is thoroughly master of the secret of the buffo style which so enchanted our fathers.

Halevy's *Val d'Andorre* has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, having been made over to that house by the former manager of the Opéra Comique.

The *Pardon de Ploernel* has been produced at the Opéra Comique, with the remarkable feature of the part of Hoël being sustained by the female bass, Mlle Wertheimer. Her success was complete, and Mlle. Wertheimer entirely won the favor of her audience by her excellent acting, and the masculine vigor of her singing. Mlle. Mourose made her first appearance as Dinorah, in which she showed considerable grace, and a power of free, nimble, and correct execution. Mlle. Belie sang the scena, written by Meyerbeer for the Italian version played in London.

Nov. 10. — The month of November is not propitious to the operatic or dramatic world. A skirmishing party of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas prelude the advance of winter, and many a distinguished artist, disabled has to retire to the rear. Among others, M. Gueymard has been incapacitated by a severe lumbar affection, or, as we should say, a lumbago, and the revival of Halevy's *Jaive* won't have had to be postponed had not a M. Renard been in readiness to supply the gap. Mlle. Maria Sax made her first appearance in the part of Rachel, and thoroughly succeeded in the attempt. Mad. Vandenhuevel-Duprez, as the Princess Eudoxia, was no less successful; while M. Renard looked the character of Eleazar to perfection, and acquitted himself of the music to the entire satisfaction of the audience. All three artists were called before the curtain.

The Italian Opera has been in a perfect torrent of prosperity. The re-appearance of Mario, and the return of Ronconi to Paris after an absence of ten years, have been the very intelligible cause of this flood of good fortune. Mario, Ronconi, and Alboni are the only Almagiva, Figaro, and Rosina of the day, and we doubt whether either has been surpassed of yore. The good Parisians, for once, are sensible of this artistic verity, and applaud them *ad nubes*.

The new opera comique by Scribe and Auber is in full preparation. The principal artists to whom it is to be intrusted are Mlle. Montrose, Mlle. Prevost, M.M. Montanby, Couderc, Barrielle and Ambroise. There is also immediately forthcoming a new opera in one act by M.M. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas. It is generally reported that an important change is about to take place in the staff of the Opéra Comique. Mad. Ugalde is to retire and Mad. Saint-Urbain is to exchange the boards of the Italian stage for those of the Salle Favart.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique *Orphée* has been taken up again with Mad. Viardot, who has thus anticipated the period announced for her re-appearance, namely the beginning of January. A Mlle. Orail made her debut in Gluck's opera with some success. Her voice is fresh and flexible, though somewhat weak in the middle notes.

Nov. 20.—M. Gueymard having recovered the painful flexibility of his lumbar regions, the run of the *Prophète* has been resumed.

Nad. Penco has made her first appearance this season in *La Traviata*. She was recalled at the end of the first act, after the grand air "Follie, follie," and was warmly applauded in the *brindisi*, the duets with Gardoni and Graziani, and the whole of the third act.

The Opéra Comique is up to the roof in preparations. Another new opera, entitled *André*, in two acts, has been accepted. The words are by M. de Leuven, and the music by M. Porse. At the same time the new opera by Scribe and Auber is being zealously pushed forward. Meanwhile, Mad. Cabell has been re-engaged, and has played in *La Part du Diable* and *l'Etoile du Nord*. Mlle. Saint-Urbain, of whose intended debut at this house I said something in my last, is to play the principal part in M. Offenbach's new opera, instead of Mad. Ugalde.

The Odéon has just put forth an amusing "proverb" entitled *Une Epreuve après la Lettre*, and the Palais Royal presents its frequenters with a parody on *Orphée*, called *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*. At the Variétés we are presumed a "Revue," with the title, *Oh là que c'est bête tout ça*. The gods avert the omen!

### Vienna.

Nov. 6.—A second hearing of *Der Fliegende Holländer* confirms the impression that it is the most satisfactory and the least eccentric of all Wagner's operas. Written apparently before the ambitious intention of forming a new school of music for the future had seized and fettered the mind of the composer, it is a work containing some of the freshest and most vigorous efforts of his genius. Instances certainly occur where novel effects are attempted, in which the style subsequently adopted by Wagner is foreshadowed; but they are rare and almost forgotten in the many points of excellence to be admired. The overture—a composition of neither the form nor importance to justify that title—opens with a subject which most frequently recurs throughout the work. This theme pervades the opera, and is that with which the Holländer, in thought and presence, is identified. It is very effectively introduced, as the commencement of Senta's ballad in the second act, when she relates the story of the Flying Dutchman, and foretells her own destiny. Whether dramatically or musically considered, the treatment of this subject is most successful, and increases the interest of the whole work by the skilful manner in which it is made subservient to the progress of the plot. The notion may not be original, but its development evinces a knowledge of the resources of his art, which none but a thorough musician can attain.

To the first act the storm and the chorus of sailors on board Daland's ship forms a spirited introduction. As the tempest temporarily subsides, the tenor solo, a mariner's love song, contrasts well with the preceding and subsequent description of the elemental strife. The storm rises again (most graphically portrayed in the orchestra), as the vessel of the Flying Dutchman appears. The grand scena of the Holländer, "Die Frist ist um," and his following duet with the bass (Daland), are both in Weber's style, and would not be unworthy of that master's signature. The act terminates with a chorus of sailors as the ships set sail. After a short instrumental prelude the second act begins with a melodious chorus for female voices, sung by Senta's companions, while they spin. In this a striking effect is made by the women laughing in chorus, jeering Senta for her melancholy. Then follows Senta's ballad already mentioned, a composition full of character and dramatic feeling; after this there is a duet between the soprano and tenor, Senta and Erik, her betrothed, when the lover urges his suit in a most plaintive melody, not altogether new, but so harmonized and instrumented as in a great measure to disguise its Italian origin. At the conclusion of the duet Erik departs, and Daland (Senta's father) returns accompanied by the Holländer, in whom Senta recognizes the object of her ideal love and destiny. It is in the treatment of this situation, the most important moment of the libretto, that the composer fails. The Holländer and his victim are made to stand and look at each other for some time, while their emotions, supposed to be under various influences, are very inadequately depicted by music in the orchestra. The result is such as might be expected—the situation is lost. A solo for Daland "Mögest du, mein kind," the duet between Senta and the Holländer, "Wie aus der Ferne," and a terzetto for the three just named, are the other *morceaux* in this act. The third and last act opens with a chorus of sailors about to leave the port; they are joined by women bringing provisions. The ship of the Holländer, lying at anchor, is hailed by the women and sailors, but no reply is given by the mysterious crew. Suddenly the wind rises, and the spectral mariners man their ship, singing the refrain with which the Holländer has been identified. A double chorus between the two ships' crews follows, and is the noisiest and least effective piece of music in the opera. Senta subsequently appears, followed by Erik, who endeavors to dissuade her, in a duet *allegro agitato*, "Was musst ich hören," from following the Holländer. The last finale, in which Senta, Daland, the Holländer, the choruses of the sailors, and the women take part, is admirably contrived, and forms a fitting termination to the work. It is somewhat singular that Wagner should consider the *Fliegende Holländer* as the least important of his operas, another instance that composers are not by any means the best judges of their own productions.

At the Kärntnertheater the repertoire is almost similar to that of last week. Some changes will, I believe, be made in the performances announced, for even an opera house, under the management of an Emperor's representative, is not exempt from such casualties. "I have sent word that I shall not sing this evening," exclaimed one of the artists whom I met yesterday. "Not sing," I replied; "but you are announced, and will not surely disappoint us." "No, no! I won't disappoint you," was the reply. "But let the Director think so. A few hours' Bauchzwicken will do him no harm."

## Special Notices.

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"Robin Hood." 30

The greatest plague on earth is love. Duet for

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Two more vocal gems from the new sensation Opera by Macfarren. The first is a brilliant air, written in the florid style, the second a very pleasing duet which is well adapted for the parlor, and sure to become popular.

Good night, good night to all. C. Robbins. 25

Lines written on the death of an accomplished young lady, an only daughter, who was burnt to death by the explosion of a fluid lamp. Her last words as she parted from her friends on that fatal evening were "Good night, good night to all." The music is appropriate. The piece has a very pretty vignette.

From love and home and thee. W. Guernsey. 25

Sentimental ballad with a pretty melody.

Jenny the pride of the glen. Lon Morris. 30

A sweet pretty song sung nightly with great applause by the popular ballad singer, Mr. Ambrose A. Thayer, whose likeness is on the title-page.

#### Instrumental Music.

March from the Oratorio of "Abraham."

Molique. 25

This is quite a remarkable production. At the first performance of the Oratorio at the Norwich (Eng.) Festival this noble march created a furore. The best English critics call it "the finest march written since Mendelssohn's Wedding March."

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 40

An elegant piano arrangement of a beautiful melody. The "Warblings at eve" by this author, one of the most charming piano pieces ever written, will no doubt prepare the way for these admirable Transcriptions of English, Irish and prominent operatic melodies of which this piece is the last number.

#### Books.

WEBER'S THEORY ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

Treated with a view to a Naturally Consecutive Arrangement of Topics. By Godfrey Weber. Translated from the improved German edition, with Notes. By James F. Warner. 2 vols. Price, \$4.

Weber's work is preëminently adapted to this country. Its admirably clear and simple style, taken in connection with the copious detail of its matter, renders it, as the author himself very justly observes, peculiarly appropriate to those who have but little or no present acquaintance with the subject. On the one hand it is the best authority that the world contains; on the other, it is simple and easy to be understood. The word "Theory" seems rather an unfortunate one to be used in this connection. To the apprehension of many, it carries the idea of something that is far removed from the practical and useful, and that it is attended with no real, substantial advantages; while in point of fact, the term, as employed in the present instance, designates a body of principles and a mass of knowledge which is practical in the very highest degree, and which sustains very much the same relation to musical action, as a helm does to a ship, or a guide to a traveler, or sunbeams to all our operations in the external world.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

